

A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS,

From Various AUTHORS.

INTENDED AS A
SUPPLEMENT
TO
DR. WATTS'S HYMNS, AND
IMITATION OF THE PSALMS.

The RANSOMED of the LORD shall return, and
come to Zion with Songs. ISAIAH.

And they sang as it were A NEW SONG before the
Throne,—and no Man could learn that Song,
but the REDEEMED. JOHN.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Collection of Spiritual Songs which now solicits the patronage of the public, is not intended to supersede the use of Dr. *Watts's* Hymns, and Imitation of the Psalms, but to serve as a Supplement to them: The praise of those incomparable works, has long been great in the British Churches, and will probably continue so to be, while any relish for *evangelical truth*, or *experimental religion*, remains.

Indeed, a considerable part of them must have become useless, not to say obnoxious, in those Congregations where the *new scheme* has been adopt-

ed, or *Arian* and *Socinian* Heresies imbibed. For the doctrines of MAN'S APOSTACY FROM GOD—THE ATONEMENT AND RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST—THE PROPER DIVINITY OF OUR SAVIOUR, and THE WORK OF JEHOVAH THE SPIRIT, are uniformly maintained in them; though disdained and exploded by a set of men in this day, who arrogantly assume the title of *rational Dissenters*.

But the persons for whose use this Collection is formed, are content with the old religion—the religion of the Reformation—the religion of the Bible. They look upon the peculiar doctrines of the gospel, not as matters of speculation merely, but as essential to faith, comfort and holiness. They consider the praise of Christ, their atoning sacrifice, and their redeeming God,

God, as a grand and delightful part of religious worship, in their present militant state; and what they hope will be their eternal employment in the heavenly world.

Since the death of Dr. *Watts*, several eminent and pious authors, animated by his example and success, have contributed to enlarge and enrich our fund of sacred poetry: Among these, are the respectable names of *Doddridge*, *Newton*, *Hart*, *Wesleys*, *Cooper*, *Toplady*, and *Cennick*. From their publications, chiefly, the following hymns are selected. Some are taken from anonymous writers, and a few were never printed before. The initial letter of the author's name, (when known) is affixed to each hymn, except where the Editor had taken the liberty of making such alterations as affected the sense.

To enjoy the labours of such excellent writers—to introduce a larger variety of musical measures and tunes—to do this at a small expence—and without laying aside Dr. *Watts*; were motives for compiling this volume, and publishing it as *a Supplement*.

May He, who inspires, hears, and accepts the praises of Zion, smile on the attempt, and make it useful to serious Christians of all denominations.

COVENTRY,
Nov. 20, 1784.

G. B.

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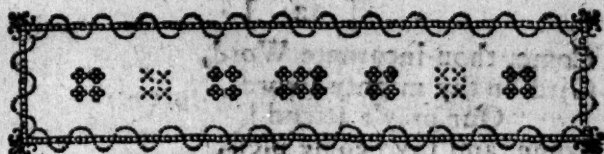
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H Y M N S,

Collected from various AUTHORS.

H Y M N I.

At the Opening of Worship. Peculiar Metre.

COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!

Father, all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Antient of Days.

Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd:
Lord, hear our call!

B

Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,

Our pray'r attend !

Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,

On us descend !

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour !

Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r !

To the great One in Three,
Eternal praises be,

Hence——evermore !

His sov'reign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity

Love and adore.

II. *Another.* Short Metre.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove ;

And kindle in our breasts the flames
Of never-dying love.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.

[If thou, celestial Dove,
Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To conscience, wrath, and law!

No longer burns our love;
Our faith and patience fail;
Our sin revives, and death and hell
Our feeble souls assail.]

Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free:
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee. H.

III. *Another.* Sevens.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow:

O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

Lord, on thee, our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee—here we stay:
Lord, we know not how to go,
'Till a blessing thou bestow.

Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return:
Those who are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

Grant that those who seek, may find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captives free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

IV. *Another.* Common Metre.

ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!

Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heav'n in Jesu's name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

To seek thee all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce a plenteous fruit.

Bid the convincing North-wind 'wake;
Say to the South-wind, blow;

Bid ev'ry plant thy pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.

Revive the parch'd, with heav'nly show'rs;
The cold, with warmth divine:
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine. H.

V. *A Prayer for Seriousness.* P. M.

THOU God of glorious majesty!
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth I cry;
An half awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand
Secure—insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell!

O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply, on my thoughtful heart,
Eternal things impress!

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness!

Be this my one great bus'ness here,
With serious industry and fear,
My future bliss t'insure;

Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

Before me place in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom?

Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from the vale, to live
 And reign with thee above;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

VI. *For Help.* C. M. *Phil 2-13.*

FATHER! to thee my soul I list,
 My soul on thee depends;
 Convinc'd that ev'ry perfect gift
 From thee alone descends.

Mercy and grace are thine alone,
 And pow'r and wisdom too;
 Without the Spirit of thy Son,
 We nothing good can do.

We cannot speak one useful word,
 One holy thought conceive,
 Unless, in answer to our Lord,
 Thyself the blessing give.

From thee, thro' Jesus, we receive
 The pow'r on thee to call,
 In whom we are, and move, and live:
 Our God is all in all!

VII. *Invitation.* Isa. lv. 1, &c. Long M.

HO! every one, that thirsts, draw nigh,
 ('Tis God invites the fallen race;)

Mercy and free salvation buy ;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.

Come to the living waters, come !
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice ;
Return, ye weary wand'ers home,
And in my saving grace rejoice !

See, from the Rock a Fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls :
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.

Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have, and are, behind ;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace, in Jesus find.

Why seek ye that, - which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain ?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed ;
Ye spend your little all in vain.

Hearken to me, with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food ;
The sweetness of my mercy share,
And taste, that I alone am good.

Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive :
Quick'ned your soul by faith divine,
An everlasting life shall live.

VIII. *Before Sermon.* C. M.

NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire,
With joy, and peace, and love !

[Thee, we the Comforter confefs;
 Unless thou'rt present here,
 Our songs of praise are vain address,
 And lifeless is our pray'r.

'Wake, heav'nly Wind, arise, and come,
 Blow on the drooping field;
 Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
 And fragrant incense yield.]

Touch with a living coal the lip
 That shall proclaim thy word;
 And bid each awful hearer keep
 Attention to the Lord.

IX. *Another.* Sevens.

YE that in his courts are found,
 List'ning to the joyful sound,
 Lost and helpless as ye are,
 Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
 Glorify the King of Kings,
 Take the peace the Gospel brings.
 Turn to Christ your longing eyes;
 View his bloody sacrifice;
 See, in him, your sins forgiv'n,
 Pardon, Holiness, and Heaven.
 Glorify the King of Kings,
 Take the peace the Gospel brings.

X. *Another.* P. M.

COME, ye sinners, come to Jesus,
 Think upon your gracious Lord;
 He has pity'd your condition,
 He has sent his gospel-word.
 Mercy calls you,
 Mercy flows on Jesu's blood.

Dearest Saviour, help thy servant
 To proclaim thy wond'rous love;
 Pour thy grace upon this people,
 That thy truth they may approve;
 Bless, O bless them
 From thy shining courts above.
 Now thy gracious word invites them
 To partake the gospel-feast;
 Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them,
 Ev'ry soul be Jesu's guest.
 O receive us,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.

XI. *Another.* L. M.

CONFIRM the hope thy word allows,
 Behold us waiting to be fed;
 Bless the provision of thy house,
 And satisfy thy poor with bread.
 Drawn by thy invitation, Lord,
 Athirst and hungry we are come:
 Now from the fulness of thy word,
 Feast us, and send us thankful home. N.

XII. *Another.* L. M.

ARISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise,
 To torrents melt my streaming eyes!
 And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
 Those evils, which thou can'st not heal!
 See human nature sunk in shame!
 See scandals pour'd on Jesu's name!
 The Father wounded thro' the Son!
 The world abus'd, the soul undone!

See the short course of vain delight
 Closing in everlasting night !
 In flames, that no abatement know,
 The briny tears for ever flow.

My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
 My bowels yern o'er dying men ;
 And fain my pity wou'd reclaim,
 And snatch the firebrands from the flame !
 But feeble my compassion proves,
 And can but weep where most it loves ;
 Thine own all-saving arm employ,
 And turn those drops of grief to joy. D.

XIII. *Another.* P. M.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower, and the seed :
 Let each heart thy grace inherit ;
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed.
 From the gospel
 Now supply thy people's need.
 O may all enjoy the blessing !
 Which thy word's design'd to give :
 Let us all, thy love possessing,
 Joyfully the truth receive :
 And for ever
 To thy praise and glory live. E.

XIV. *Another.* As the 148th.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly-solemn sound
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound :
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Exalt the Son of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year, &c.

Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love.
The year, &c.

The gospel-trumpet sounds;
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear:
The year, &c.

XV. *Another.* C. M.

NOW, Lord, inspire the preacher's heart,
And teach his tongue to speak;
Food to the hungry soul impart,
And cordials to the weak.

Furnish us all with light and pow'rs
To walk in wisdom's ways;
So shall the benefit be ours,
And thou shalt have the praise.

N.

XVI. *Another.* S. M.

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed;

For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.
The food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give ;
O, hear the pray'r of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

N.

XVII. *Another.* Sevens.

NOT to *Sinai's* dreadful blaze,
But to *Sion's* throne of grace,
By a way mark'd out with blood,
Sinners now approach to God.

Not to hear the fiery law,
But with humble joy to draw
Water, by that well supply'd,
Jesus open'd when he dy'd.

Lord, there are no streams but thine,
Can assuage a thirst like mine!
'Tis a thirst thyself did give,
Let me therefore drink and live.

N.

XVIII. *Another.* C. M.

FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe!)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear ;

Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

W—Y.

XIX. *Another.* C. M.

COME, O thou all victorious Lord,
Thy pow'r to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

Speak with the voice, which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

Our desp'rate state thro' sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiv'n;
By growing holiness prepare,
Then take us up to heaven.

XX. *For the Lord's Day.* P. M.

GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our soul's collected pow'rs:
May we employ in work divine
These solemn, these devoted hours!
O may our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne!

Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly,
 Where God resides appear no more ;
 Omniscient God ! thy piercing eye
 Can ev'ry secret thought explore.
 O may thy grace our hearts refine,
 And fix our thoughts on things divine.

The word of life, dispens'd to-day,
 Invites us to a heav'nly feast ;
 May ev'ry ear the call obey,
 Be ev'ry heart a humble guest !
 O bid the wretched sons of need
 On soul-reviving dainties feed !
 Thy Spirit's pow'rful aid impart,
 O may thy word, with life divine,
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart ;
 Then shall the day indeed be thine :
 Then shall our souls, adoring, own
 The grace, which calls us to thy throne. r.

XXI. *Another.* Sevens.

C HRIST the Lord is ris'n to-day,	<i>Hal.</i>
Now to him we homage pay,	<i>Hal.</i>
Who, so lately on the cross,	<i>Hal.</i>
Suffer'd to redeem our loss,	<i>Hal.</i>
Hymns of praises let us sing,	<i>Hal.</i>
Unto Christ our heav'nly King,	<i>Hal.</i>
Who endur'd the cross and grave,	<i>Hal.</i>
Sinners to redeem and save.	<i>Hal.</i>
Yes, the pain which he endur'd,	<i>Hal.</i>
Our salvation has procur'd ;	<i>Hal.</i>
Now he reigns above the sky,	<i>Hal.</i>
Where the angels ever cry— <i>Hallelujah.</i>	

XXII. *Another.* L. M.

ANOTHER fix days work is done;
 Another sabbath is begun:
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy God has blest.

Come, -blest the Lord, whose love assigns
 So sweet a rest to weary'd minds;
 Provides an antepast of heaven,
 And gives this day the food of seven.

O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
 As grateful incense, to the skies;
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
 Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

This heav'nly calm, within the breast,
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures pass away;
 How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end! i. s.

XXIII. *Affliction sanctified.* Sevens.

'TIS my happiness below,
 Not to live without the cross;
 But, the Saviour's pow'r to know,
 Sanctifying ev'ry loss:
 Trials must and will befall;
 But, with humble faith, to see
 Love inscrib'd upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.

God, in *Isr'el*, sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil;
 These spring up, and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil:
 Trials make the promise sweet,
 Trials give new life to pray'r;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way;
 Might I not, with reason, fear
 I should prove a cast-away:
 Bastards may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not, would not, if he might.

N.

XXIV. *Providence.* C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs;
 And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

c.

XXV. *Another.* Sevens.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !

Other Refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind :.

Just and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness !
 Vile, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make, and keep me pure within ;
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity !

XXVI. *Christ the Believer's Support.* C. M.

IN ev'ry trouble, sharp and strong,
 My soul to Jesus flies ;
 My anchor hold, is firm in him,
 When swelling billows rise.
 His comforts bear my spirits up,
 I trust a faithful God ;
 The sure foundation of my hope
 Is in a Saviour's blood.
 Loud Hallelujahs sing my soul
 To thy Redeemer's name ;
 In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
 His love is still the same.

XXVII. *Another.* Sevens.

SON of God ! thy blessing grant,
 Still supply my ev'ry want ;
 Tree of Life, thine influence shed,
 With thy sap my spirit feed.

Tend'rest branch, alas ! am I ;
 Wither without thee, and die ;
 Weak as helpless infancy,—
 O confirm my soul in thee !

Unsustain'd by thee I fall ;
 Send the strength for which I call !
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I ev'ry moment need !

All my hopes on thee depend,
 Love me, save me to the end !
 Give me the continuing grace—
 Take the everlasting praise.

XXVIII. *Prayer for Christ's Guidance.* P. M.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land ;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand ;
 Bread of heaven, *Bread of heaven,*
 Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong deliverer, *Strong deliverer,*
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of *Jordan,*
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on *Canaan's* side ;
 Songs of praises, *Song of praises,*
 I will ever give to thee.

XXIX. *The Pilgrim's Song.* P. M.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things
 Tow' rds heav'n thy native place.
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source:
 So a soul, that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face;
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies:
 Yet a season, and you know,
 Happy entrance will be giv'n;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

FOR PRAYER MEETINGS.

XXX. *The Beggar. As the 148th Psalm.*

ENcourag'd by thy word
 Of promise to the poor,
 Behold a beggar, Lord,
 Waits at thy mercy's door.

No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

[The beggar's usual plea
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain :
And those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.]

I have no right to say,
'That tho' I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more.
Thou know'st that from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

[Nor can I dare profess,
As beggars often do,
'Tho' great is my distress,
My faults have been but few.
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.]

'Twere folly to pretend ;
I never begg'd before ;
Or, if thou now besiest,
I'll trouble thee no more :
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.

[Tho' crumbs are much too good
For such a dog as I ;
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy :
O do not frown and bid me go,
I must have all thou canst bestow.]

[Nor can I willing be,
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who like me,
Their wants and hunger feel :
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.]

Thy thoughts, thou only wise !
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend.
Such pleas as mine men would not bear,
But God receives a beggar's pray'r, N.

XXXI. *Hannah, or the throne of grace.*
1 Sam. i. 18. *As the 148th Psalm.*

• **W**Hen *Hannah*, press'd with grief,
Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r ;
She quickly found relief,
And left her burden there :
Like her, in ev'ry trying case,
Let us approach the throne of grace.

When she began to pray,
Her heart was pain'd and sad ;
But ere she went away,
Was comforted and glad :
In trouble, what a resting place,
Have they who know the throne of grace !

Tho' men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour ;
The saints, from age to age,
Are safe from all their pow'r :
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the throne of grace.

Numbers before have try'd,
 And found the promise true;
 Nor one been yet deny'd,
 Then why should I or you?
 Let us, by faith, their footsteps trace,
 And hasten to the throne of grace. N.

XXXII. *Ask what I shall give thee.* 2 Sam.
 iii. 5. Sevens.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

[Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring;
 For his grace and pow'r are such,
 None can ever ask too much.]

With my burden I begin,
 Lord, remove this load of sin!
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.

[As the image in the glass
 Answers the beholder's face;
 Thus unto my heart appear,
 Print thine own resemblance there.]

While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer;
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.

Shew me what I have to do ;
 Ev'ry hour my strength renew ;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death.

XXXIII. *Another.* L. M.

IF *Solomon* for wisdom pray'd,
 The Lord before had made him wise;
 Else he another choice had made,
 And ask'd for what the worldlings prize.

Thus he invites his people still,
 He first instructs them how to choose;
 Then bids them ask whate'er they will,
 Assur'd that he will not refuse.

[Our wishes would our ruin prove,
 Could we our wretched choice obtain ;
 Before we feel the Saviour's love,
 Kindle our love to him again.]

But when our hearts perceive his worth,
 Desires, till then unknown, take place ;
 Our spirits cleave no more to earth,
 But pant for holiness and grace !]

PAUSE.

And dost thou say, " Ask what thou wilt ?"
 Lord, I would seize the golden hour ;
 I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
 And freed from sin and Satan's pow'r.

More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
 More of thine image let me bear ;
 Erect thy throne within my heart,
 And reign without a rival there.

Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
 And from thy joy to draw my strength;
 To have thy boundless love reveal'd
 In all its height, and breadth, and length.
 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
 But to thy care the rest resign;
 Sick or in health, or rich, or poor,
 All shall be well, if thou art mine. N.

XXXIV. *Another.* S. M.

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
 The promise calls me near;
 There Jesus shews a smiling face,
 And waits to answer pray'r.
 [That rich atoning blood,
 Which sprinkled round I see;
 Provides for those, who come to God,
 An all-prevailing plea.
 My soul ask what thou wilt,
 Thou canst not be too bold;
 Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
 What else can he withhold?
 Beyond thy utmost wants,
 His love and pow'r can bless;
 To praying souls, he always grants
 More than they can express.]

P A U S E.

Since 'tis the Lord's command,
 My mouth I open wide;
 Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
 That I may be supply'd.

Thine image, Lord, bestow,
 Thy presence and thy love;
 I ask to serve thee here below,
 And reign with thee above.
 Teach me to live by faith,
 Conform my will to thine;
 Let me victorious be in death,
 And then in glory shine.
 If thou these blessings give,
 And wilt my portion be;
 Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave,
 To them who know not thee. N.

XXXV. *The importunate Widow.* S. M.

OUR Lord, who knows full well
 The heart of ev'ry saint,
 Invites us by a parable,
 To pray and never faint.
 He bows his gracious ear,
 We never plead in vain;
 Yet we must wait, till he appear,
 And pray, and pray again.
 'Twas thus a widow poor,
 Without support or friend,
 Beset the unjust judge's door,
 And gain'd at last her end.
 And shall not Jesus hear
 His chosen when they cry?
 Yes, tho' he may awhile forbear,
 He'll help them from on high.
 His nature, truth, and love,
 Engage him on their side;

When they are griev'd, his bowels move;
And can they be deny'd?

Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in pray'r;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care. N.

XXXVI. *Power of Prayer.* Sevens..

IN themselves, as weak as worms,
How can poor believers stand,
When temptations, foes, and storms,
Press them close on ev'ry hand?

Weak, indeed, they feel they are,
But they know the throne of grace;
And the God, who answers pray'r,
Helps them when they seek his face.

Hazekiah, on his knees,
Proud *Affyria's* host subdu'd;
And when smitten with disease,
Had his life by pray'r renew'd.

Peter, tho' confin'd and chain'd,
Pray'r prevail'd and brought him out:
When *Elijah* pray'd, it rain'd,
After three long years of drought.

We can likewise witness bear,
That the Lord is still the same;
Tho' we fear'd he would not hear,
Suddenly deliv'rance came.

For the wonders he has wrought,
Let us now our praises give;
And by sweet experience taught,
Call upon him while we live. N.

XXXVII. *Another.* C. M.

SEE, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wand'rer mourn;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face;
 Hast thou not said, Return?

And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet?
 O let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat.

O shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine;
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

XXXVIII. *Another.* L. M.

JESU, our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 On whom we cast our ev'ry care,
 On whom for all things we depend,
 Inspire, and then accept our pray'r.
 Fill ev'ry soul with humble fear,
 Our utter helplessness reveal;
 Satan and sin are always near,
 Thee may we always nearer feel.

XXXIX. *The Christian's Wants.* S. M.

JESU, my strength, my hope,
 On thee I cast my care;
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hearest pray'r.
 I want an heart to pray,
 To pray, and never cease;

Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or with my suff'rings less.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill.

I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee, when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.

I want a true regard,
A single steady aim,
(Unmov'd by-threat'ning or reward)
To thee and thy great name.

I want a just concern
For thine immortal praise,
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

I want, with all my heart,
Thy pleasure to fulfil;
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will.

I want, I know not what;
I want my wants to see:
I want—alas! what want I not,
When thou art not with me!!

XL. *Refuge in Trouble.* C. M.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise;
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To thee, I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For ev'ry pain I feel,

Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 And shall I seek in vain?

And can the ear of sov'reign grace,
 Be deaf when I complain?

No; still the ear of sov'reign grace
 Attends the mourner's pray'r;

O may I ever find access
 To breathe my sorrows there.

Thy mercy-seat is open still;
 Here let my soul retreat;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

T.

XLI. *Mary's Choice.* L. M.

BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand;
 Saviour, divine! diffuse thy light,
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this roving, treach'rous heart,
 Great God, to choose the better part;
 To scorn the trifles of a day,
 For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise;
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures with me bear.

If thou, my Jesus, still art nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and cheerful die:
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

D.

XLII. *Christ's condescending Regard to little Children.* C. M.

SEE *Israel's* gentle Shepherd stand
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms!

" Permit them to approach (he cries)
 " Nor scorn their humble name;
 " For 'twas to bless such souls as these
 " The Lord of Angels came."

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful, that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

Ye little flock, with pleasure hear:
 Ye children, seek his face;
 And fly with transport to receive
 The blessings of his grace.

If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian-care we trust;
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
 If weeping o'er their dust. D.

XLIII. *Faith.* S. M.

FAITH!—'tis a precious grace,
 Where'er it is bestow'd;
 It boasts of a celestial birth,
 And is the gift of God!
 Jesus it owns a King,
 An all-atoning Priest;
 It claims no merit of its own,
 But looks for all in Christ.

To him it leads the soul,
 When fill'd with deep distress;
 Flies to the fountain of his blood,
 And trusts his righteousness.

Since 'tis thy work alone,
 And that divinely free;
 Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
 To work this faith in me.

B. B.

S. C. 2

XLIV. *The Rock of Ages.* Sevens.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure:
 Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands:
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone:
 Thou must save, and thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked come to thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to thee for grace:
 Foul, I to the fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath—
 When my eye-strings break in death—
 When I soar thro' tracts unknown—
 See thee on thy judgment-throne—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!!

T—Y.

XLV. *The Triumph of Faith.* L. M.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear !
 Fear shall in me no more take place ;
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face :
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield ?—
 No—In the strength of Jesus, no—
 I never will give up my shield.

Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
 Altho' the olive yield no oil,
 The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
 The field illude the tiller's toil,
 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race,
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.

Barren, altho' my soul remain,
 And no one bud of grace appear ;
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,
 But sin, and only sin is there :
 Altho' my gifts and comforts lost,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
 And glory that he dy'd for me.

In hope, believing against hope,
 Jesus, my Lord and God, I claim ;
 Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
 Salvation is in Jesu's name :
 To me he soon shall bring it nigh ;
 My soul shall then out-strip the wind ;
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

XLVI. *Humility.* Sevens.

LORD, if thou the grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall as my Master be,
 Rooted in humility.

From the time that thee I know,
 Nothing would I seek below ;
 Aim at nothing great or high,
 Lowly both in heart and eye.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Chang'd into a little child ;
 Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
 Wean'd from all the world besides.

Father, fix my soul on thee,
 Ev'ry evil let me flee !
 Nothing want beneath—above,
 Happy in thy precious love.

O ! that all may seek, and find
 Every good in Jesus join'd !
 Him let *Isr'el* still adore ;
 Trust him, praise him evermore !

XLVII. *Another.* L. M.

WHen, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
 That I shall find my all in thee ;
 The fulness of thy promise prove,
 The seal of thine eternal love ?

Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
 And cast the world and flesh behind ;
 An helpless soul, I come to thee,
 With only sin and misery.

Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure:
I want; do thou enrich the poor:
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up.

Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight;
Lord, I am weak, be thou my might;
An helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee. W—Y.

XLVIII. *Judgment.* P. M.

LO! he comes, in clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him, must confounded
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

Now redemption, long expected,
See! in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

[Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom!
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home :

All creation

Travails, groans, and bids thee come.]

Yea! amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

XLIX. *Another.* P. M.

HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near.
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful soul!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful soul!

From heav'n angelic voices sound,
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory decks the Saviour's face!

Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms as his own:
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him their triumphant Lord!

Shout all ye people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever, and for ever reigns!
Ever, ever, ever, ever,
Ever, and for ever reigns!

The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit blest for evermore:
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome thee, great Three in One!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome thee, great Three in One!

L. *Divine Love.* Sevens.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in *Redeeming Love*.

Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to *Canaan* on ye move,
Praise and bless *Redeeming Love*.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by *Redeeming Love*.

Ye, alas! who long have been,
Willing slaves of death and sin;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste *Redeeming Love*.

Welcome; all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome all to Jesus Christ;

Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but *Redeeming Love*.

[He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in *Redeeming Love*!]

Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals join the hosts above,
Join to praise *Redeeming Love*.

[When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's *Redeeming Love*.]

LI. *Another.* C. M.

TWAS love that brought the Saviour
down

Into the virgin's womb;

'Twas love that nail'd him to the tree,
And laid him in the tomb.

Thro' a whole life of suff'ring here,
The law of kindness reign'd;
Love made those ghastly wounds thro' which
His precious life was drain'd.

Love took him to his Father's throne,
There to prepare us room;

And love will bring him down again,
To fetch us to his home.

LII. *Another.* L. M.

OF him, who did salvation bring,
Lord, may we ever think and sing!

Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve!

Eternal Lord, Almighty King!
All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring!
Thou conquer'st all beneath—above,
Devils with force, and men with love!

To purge our sins, Christ shed his blood,
He dy'd to bring us near to God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love could shew!

LIII. *Another.* P. M.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus! thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry longing heart!

Breathe, O breathe, thy loving Spirit,
Into ev'ry troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest:
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love!

Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure, and holy, may we be;
 Let us see our whole salvation,
 Perfectly secur'd by thee!
 Change from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise!

LIV. *Another.* P. M.

O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall we find our longing heart,
 All taken up by thee?

O! may we pant and thirst to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ so free.

God only knows the love of God,
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In each poor longing heart!
 For love I'd sigh, for love I'd pine,
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part.

O that we cou'd for ever sit,
 With *Mary*, at the Master's feet,
 Be this our happy choice!
 Our only care, delight, and bliss,
 Our joy, our heav'n on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Thy only love may we require,
 Nothing on earth beneath desire,
 Nothing in heav'n above :
 Let earth and all its trifles go,
 Give us, O Lord! thy love to know,
 Give us thy precious love.

LV. *God is Love.* C. M.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
 And lift your souls above ;
 Let ev'ry heart and voice accord,
 To sing, that God is love.

This precious truth, his word declares,
 And all his mercies prove ;
 Jesus, the Gift of gifts, appears,
 To shew, that God is love.

Behold, his patience length'n'd out,
 To those who from him rove !
 And calls effectual, reach their hearts,
 To teach them, God is love.

The work begun, is carry'd on,
 By pow'r from heav'n above ;
 And ev'ry step, from first to last,
 Proclaims, that God is love.

[And O that you, whose hard'n'd hearts,
 No fears of hell can move ;
 May hear the gospel's milder voice,
 That tells you, God is love !

Thousands, as vile and base as you,
 Surround the throne above ;
 The grace that chang'd, has tun'd their hearts
 To sing, that God is love.

Then why should you, dear sinners, why
Should you from Jesus rove?

'Tis time from sinful ways to turn,
And taste, that God is love.]

Ye doubting souls, who (full of fears)
The ways of God approve;
Dismiss your guilty fears, and come,
Believe, that God is love.

O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love!

B.

LVI. *Inconstancy lamented.* L. M.

I Love the Lord, but ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are!
This treach'rous heart, how wide it roves!
And fancy meets a thousand loves.

If my soul burn to see my God,
I tread the courts of his abode;
But troops of rivals throng the place,
And tempt me off, before his face.

Would I enjoy my Lord *alone*,
I bid my passions all be gone—
All but my love; and charge my will
To bar the door, and guard it still.

But cares or trifles, make or find,
Their secret inlets to the mind;
'Till I with grief and wonder see
Huge crouds betwixt my Lord and me.

Look gently down, Almighty Grace!
Prison me round in thine embrace;
Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let thy pow'r my love confine.

W.

LVII. *Will ye also go away?* L. M.

THOU only sov'reign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

Whither! ah whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe,
One glimpse of happiness afford?

Eternal life, thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives:
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than the whole round of nature gives.

Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call:
One smile—one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

Thy name my inmost pow'rs adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care.
Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more;
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine:
Still let me live beneath thine eye;
For life, eternal life, is thine!

LVIII. *Lovest thou me?* Sevens.

'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame!
 Hardly sure can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name!

Could my heart so hard remain;
 Pray'r a task and burden prove;
 Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love?

When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild:
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child?

If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do:
 You that love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me—is it thus with you?

Yet—I mourn my stubborn will;
 Find my sin a grief and thrall:—
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all?

Could I joy his saints to meet;
 Choose the ways I once abhorr'd;
 Find, at times, the promise sweet,
 If I did not love the Lord?

Lord, decide the doubtful case!
 Thou, who art thy people's sun,
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun!

Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray;
 If I have not lov'd before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

LIX. *The same.* Sevens.

HARK! my soul, it is the Lord!
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word:
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—

“ Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou me ?

“ I deliver’d thee, when bound,

“ And when wounded, heal’d thy wound;

“ Sought thee wand’ring, set thee right,

“ Turn’d thy darkness into light.

“ Can a woman’s tender care

“ Cease toward the child she bare ?

“ Yes; she may forgetful be,

“ Yet I will remember thee.

“ Mine is an unchanging love,

“ Higher than the heights above,

“ Deeper than the depths beneath,

“ Free and faithful, strong as death.

“ Thou shalt see my glory soon,

“ When the work of grace is done,

“ Partner of my throne shalt be,

“ Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou me ?”

Lord, it is my chief complaint,

That my love is weak and faint;

Yet I love thee, and adore,

O for grace to love thee more!

c.

LX. *Not ashamed of Christ.* L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,

A mortal man asham’d of thee?

Scorn’d be the thought, by rich and poor,

O may I scorn it more and more.

Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
 Let ev'ning blush to own a star:
 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight blush to think of noon.

Asham'd of Jesus! of that friend
 On whom my heav'nly hopes depend!
 It must not be—be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name!

Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
 When I've no crimes to wash away;
 No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
 No fears to quell, nor soul to save.

Till then (nor is the boasting vain)
 Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain:
 And O! may this my portion be,
 That Saviour's not asham'd of me.

LXI. *The World crucified.* C. M.

LET worldly minds, the world pursue,
 What are its charms to me!
 Once I admir'd its trifles too,
 But grace has set me free.

Its pleasures now no longer please,
 No more content afford:
 Far from my heart be joys like these,
 Now I have known the Lord.

As by the light of op'ning day,
 The stars are all conceal'd;
 So earthly pleasures fade away
 When Jesus is reveal'd.

Creatures, no more divide my choice!
 I bid you all depart!

His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But! may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

Yes! tho' of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,
I had refus'd thee still. N.

LXII. *Brotherly Love.* C. M.

GIVER of concord, Prince of Peace,
Meek, lamb-like Son of God!

Bid our unruly passions cease,
O quench them with thy blood!

O let thy love our hearts constrain,
Jesus, the crucify'd!

What hast thou done our hearts to gain!
Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!

Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts,
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
Let love command our hearts.

Who would not now pursue the way
Where Jesu's footsteps shine?
Who would not own the pleasing sway
Of charity divine?

O let us find the ancient way
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force a frowning world to say,
SEE HOW THESE CHRISTIANS LOVE!

W—Y.

LXIII. *Another.* S. M.

LET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

Let envy and ill-will
Be banish'd far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

LXIV. *Another.* L. M.

KIndred in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

To you and me by grace 'tis giv'n
To know the Saviour's precious name,
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our heart to burn with love.

Forgotten be each worldly theme,
 When christians meet together thus;
 We only wish to speak of him
 Who liv'd, and dy'd, and reigns for us.

We'll talk of all he did, and said,
 And suffer'd for us here below;
 The path he mark'd for us to tread,
 And what he's doing for us now.

Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
 And hasten on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet to part no more. *n.*

LXV. Another. Sevens.

JESU, Lord, we look to thee,
 Let us in thy name agree;
 Shew thyself the Prince of peace,
 Bid all jars for ever cease.

By thy reconciling love,
 Ev'ry stumbling-block remove;
 Each to each unite, endear;
 Come, and spread thy banner here.

Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful and kind;
 Lowly, meek in thought and word,
 Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,
 Each another's burthen bear;
 To thy church the pattern give,
 Shew how true believers live.

Let us then with joy remove
 To thy family above,
 On the wings of angels fly,
 Shew how true believers die.

LXVI. *Another.* Sevens.

SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,
 When the saints together meet;
 When the Saviour is the theme,
 When they join to sing of him.

Sing *we*, then, eternal love,
 Such as did the Father move;
 He beheld the world undone,
 Lov'd the world, and gave his Son.

Sing the Son's amazing love;
 How he left the realms above,
 Took our nature and our place,
 Liv'd and dy'd to save our race.

Sing we too, the Spirit's love;
 With our wretched hearts he strove;
 Things of precious Christ he took,
 Gave us hearts and eyes to look.

Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
 Where the saints in glory meet;
 Where the Saviour's *still* the theme,
 Where they see, and sing of him. B.

LXVII. *Another.* C. M.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground,
 Of ev'ry sinful heart;
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear;
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,
 Our little stock improve;
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
 And perfect us in love.

Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
 Receive thy ready bride;
 Give us in heav'n a happy lot,
 With all the sanctify'd. w—y.

LXVIII. *Another.* C. M.

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
 That will not let us part;
 Our bodies may far off remove,
 We still are join'd in heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints we go,
 And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
 And do his work below.

O let us ever walk in him,
 And nothing know beside;
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucify'd.

Closer and closer let us cleave
 To his lov'd embrace,
 Expect his fulness to receive,
 And grace to answer grace.

Thus let us hasten to the day
 Which shall our flesh restore,
 When death shall all be done away,
 And bodies part no more. w—y.

LXIX. *Christ's Sheep described.* C. M.

THY flock, with what a tender care,
 Blest Jesus, dost thou keep?
 Fain would my weak, my wand'ring soul,
 Be numb'ed with thy sheep.

Gentle, and tractable, and plain,
 My heart would ever be;
 Averse to harm, afraid of ill,
 And faithful still to thee.

The gentle accents of thy voice
 My list'ning soul would hear;
 And by the signals of thy will,
 I all my course would steer.

I follow where my Shepherd leads,
 And mark the path he drew;
 My Shepherd's feet Mount *Zion* tread,
 And I shall reach it too.

D.

LXX. *Christ the best Friend.* L. M.

POOOR, weak, and worthless tho' I am,
 I have a rich almighty friend;
 Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
 He freely loves, and without end.

He ransom'd me from hell, with blood,
 And by his pow'r, my foes controll'd;
 He found me, wand'ring far from God,
 And brought me to his chosen fold.

He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
 And says that I shall shortly be
 Enthron'd with him above the skies,
 O, what a friend is Christ to me!

N.

LXXI. *He led them a right Way.* C. M.

WHEN *Israel* was from *Egypt* freed,
The Lord, who brought them out,
Help'd them in ev'ry time of need,
But led them round about.

They often murmur'd by the way,
Because they judg'd by sight;
But were at length constrain'd to say,
The Lord had led them right.

The way was right, their hearts to prove,
To make God's glory known;
And shew his wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Engag'd to save his own.

Just so the true believer's path,
Thro' many dangers lies;
Tho' dark to sense, 'tis right to faith,
And leads us to the skies. N.

LXXII. *The Leper.* C. M. ~ 8.2.3

OFT as the leper's case I read,
My own describ'd I feel;
Sin is a leprosy indeed,
Which none but Christ can heal.

Lord, thou canst heal me if thou wilt,
For thou canst all things do;
O cleanse my leprous soul from guilt,
My filthy heart renew!

Come, lepers, seize the present hour,
The Saviour's grace to prove;
He *can* relieve, for he is pow'r,
He *will*, for he is love. N.

LXXIII. *A Sin-sick Soul.* C. M.

PHYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul,
 To thee I bring my case;
 My raging malady control,
 And heal me by thy grace.

[Pity the anguish I endure,
 See how I mourn and pine;
 For never can I hope a cure
 From any hand but thine.]

[I would disclose my whole complaint,
 But where shall I begin?
 No words of mine can fully paint
 That worst distemper, sin.]

[It lies not in a single part,
 But thro' my frame is spread;
 A burning fever in my heart,
 A palsy in my head.

It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
 And impotent and lame;
 And overclouds, and fills my mind,
 With folly, fear, and shame.

A thousand evil thoughts intrude
 Tumultuous in my breast;
 Which indispose me for my food,
 And rob me of my rest.]

Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
 And set my spirit free:
 Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
 Who longs to live to thee?

LXXIV. *The great Physician.* L. M.

YE mourning sinners, here disclose
Your deep complaints, your various
woes :

Approach ; 'tis Jesus, he can heal
The pains which mourning sinners feel.

[To eyes, long clos'd in mental night,
Strangers to all the joys of light,
His word imparts a blissful ray ;
Sweet morning of a heav'nly day !]

[Ye helpless lame, lift up your eyes,
The Lord, the Saviour bids you rise ;
New life and strength his voice conveys,
And plaintive groans are chang'd for praise.]

[Nor shall the leper, hopeless lie,
Beneath the great Physician's eye ;
Sin's deepest pow'r his word controls,
That fatal leprosy of souls.]

[That hand divine, which can assuage
The burning fever's restless rage ;
That hand, omnipotent and kind,
Can cool the fever of the mind.]

[When freezing palsy chills the veins,
And pale, cold death already reigns,
He speaks—the vital pow'rs revive ;
He speaks, and dying sinners live.]

Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand ;
Diseases fly at thy command :
O let thy sov'reign touch impart
Life, strength, and health to ev'ry heart !

LXXV. *Sanctification.* L. M.

JESUS, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with mildest majesty,
I see thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to thee.

Wrathful, impure, and proud I am;
Nor constancy, nor strength, I have;
But thou, O Lord, art still the same,
And hast not lost thy pow'r to save.

Save me from pride, the plague expel;
Jesu, thy humble self impart:
O let thy mind within me dwell,
O give me lowliness of heart!

Enter thyself, and cast out sin;
More of thy purity bestow:
Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Wash me, and I am white as snow.

Fury is not in thee, my God,
O why should it be found in thine?
Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood,
And all thy gentleness is mine.

Pour but thy blood upon the flame,
Meek, and dispassionate and mild;
The leopard sinks into a lamb,
And I become a little child.

w—y.

LXXVI. *A new Heart.* C. M.

O For an heart to praise my God,
An heart from guilt set free;
An heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.

An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

Thy holy nature, Lord, impart,
 Come quickly from above;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of Love.

LXXVII. *Another.* Sevens.

GOD of all-redeeming grace,
 By thy pard'ning love compell'd,
 Up to thee our souls we raise,
 Up to thee our bodies yield:
 Thou our sacrifice receive,
 Acceptable thro' thy Son,
 While to thee alone we live,
 While we die to thee alone.

Meet it is, and just, and right,
 That we should be wholly thine;
 In thy only will delight,
 In thy blessed service join.

O that every work and word
 Might proclaim how good thou art!
 Holiness unto the Lord,
 Still be wrote on ev'ry heart!

LXXVIII. *Efficacy of Christ's Blood.* P. M.

NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus!
 Can relieve us from our smart;

Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart.

Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

H.

LXXIX. *Walking with God.* C. M.

O! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

a.

LXXX. *The Joy of the Lord is our Strength,*
Nehem. viii. 10. C. M.

JOY is a fruit, that will not grow,
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith—
A sense of pardoning love;—
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

To take a glimpse within the vail,—
To know that God is mine;
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakably divine!

These are the joys that satisfy,
And *sanctify* the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

No more, believers, mourn your lot;
But if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them, that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords. N.

LXXXI. *Christ the Way of Holiness.* L. M.

JESUS! my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief and burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

LXXXII. *Holiness desired.* C. M.

JESU! REDEEMER, SAVIOUR, LORD,
The weary Sinner's friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.

Thy pow'rful Spirit can subdue
Unconquerable sin;
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.

Bound down, with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call;

My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise, and break thro' all.

Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,
Thou canst victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love. W—Y.

LXXXIII. *Another.* Sevens.

HOLY Lamb! who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee:
As thou art, so let us be.

Fix, O fix, each wav'ring mind,
To thy cross our spirits bind;
Earthly passions far remove,
Swallow up our souls in love.

Dust and ashes tho' we be,
Full of guilt and misery:
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.

Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are thine:
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n. W—Y.

LXXXIV. *To the Holy Ghost.* P. M.

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.
Hear, O hear, our supplication,
Loving Spirit, God of peace!

Rest upon this congregation,
Great Distributor of Grace!

Come, thou best of all donations,
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We can ask, or wish no more.
Author of our new creation,
Bid us all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation,
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

LXXXV. *For a public Fast.* C. M.

LORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land.

Oft have we, Lord, in private pray'd
Our country might find grace;
Now hear the same petitions made
In this appointed place.

Or, if amongst us some be met,
So careless of their sin,
They have not pray'd for mercy yet,
Lord, let them now begin.

[O may we all with one consent,
Fall low before thy throne;
With tears, the nation's sins lament,
The church's, and our own.]

Great God of hosts, deliv'rance bring,
Guide those that hold the helm,
Support the state, preserve the King,
And spare the guilty realm.

Or should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel the rod ;
May faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

Whatever be our destin'd case,
Accept us in thy Son ;
Give us thy gospel and thy grace,
And then—thy will be done. H.

LXXXVI. *Another.* L. M.

○ May the pow'r which melts the rock,
Be felt by all assembled here !
Or else our service will but mock
The God whom we profess to fear !

[Lord, while thy judgments shake the land,
Thy people's eyes are fix'd on thee !
We own thy just uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not see.]

How long hast thou bestow'd thy care
On this indulg'd, ungrateful spot ?
While other nations, far and near,
Have env'y'd and admir'd our lot.

[Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious gospel brightly shone ;
And oft our enemies have felt,
That God has made our cause his own.]

But ah ! both heav'n and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love !
We, whom like children he has rear'd,
Rebels against his goodness prove.

His grace despis'd, his pow'r defy'd,
And legions of the blackest crimes,

Prophaneness, riot, lust, and pride,
Are signs that mark the present times.

The Lord, displeas'd, has rais'd his rod;
Ah, where are now the faithful few,
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what *Israel* ought to do?

Lord, hear thy people ev'ry where,
Who meet to mourn, confess and pray;
The nation, and thy churches spare,
And let thy wrath be turn'd away. N.

LXXXVII. *Another.* L. M.

GREAT God of heav'n and nature, rise,
And hear our loud united cries!

See *Britain* bow before thy face,
'Thro' all her coasts, and seek thy grace.

No arm of flesh we make our trust;
Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships we boast:
Thine is the land, and thine the main,
And human force and skill is vain,

Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
On ev'ry shore, on ev'ry town:
But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
And lay thy lifted thunder by.

Forgive the follies of our times,
And purge our land from all its crimes:
Reform'd and deck'd with grace divine,
Let princes, priests, and people shine.

So shall our God delight to bless,
And crown our arms with wide success:
Our foes shall dread *Jehovah's* sword,
And conqu'ring *Britain* shout the Lord. O

LXXXVIII. *Thanksgiving for National Peace.*
As the old 50th Psalm.

NOW let our songs address the God
of peace,
Who bids the tumult of the battle cease;
The pointed spears to pruning hooks he
bends,
And the broad faulchion in the plowshare
ends.
His pow'rful bands unite contending nations,
In kind embrace, and friendly salutations.
Britain, adore the Guardian of thy state,
Who, high on his celestial throne elate,
Still watchful o'er thy safety and repose,
Frown'd on the counsels of thy haughtiest
foes:
Thy coast secur'd from ev'ry dire invasion,
Of fire and sword, and spreading desolation.
While we beneath our vines and fig-trees
sit,
Or thus within thy sacred temple meet,
Accept, great God, the tribute of our song,
And all the mercies of this day prolong.
Then spread thy peaceful word thro' ev'ry
nation,
That all the earth may hail thy great salva-
tion.

D.

LXXXIX. *Another.* L. M.

PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's pray'r;
And, tho' deliv'rance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.

O may thy grace our land engage,
 (Rescu'd from fierce tyrannic rage)
 The tribute of its love to bring
 To thee, our Saviour and our King!

Our temples guarded from the flame,
 Shall echo thy triumphant name;
 And ev'ry peaceful, private home,
 To thee a temple shall become.

Still be it our supreme delight
 To walk as in thy honour'd sight:
 Still in thy precepts, and thy fear,
 To life's last hour to persevere.

D.

See Dr. *Watts*, Psalm 18th, 2d part, Com. M.
 Psalm 46, 2d part; and Hymns, 1st and 111th,
 book 2d.

XC. *On the Death of a Minister.* C. M.

NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
 And all our tears be dry:
 Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
 Which view a Saviour nigh?

What tho' the arm of conqu'ring death
 Does God's own house invade?
 What tho' the Prophet and the Priest
 Be number'd with the dead?

Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
 The aged, and the young,
 The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
 And mute th' instructive tongue;

Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
 New comfort to impart;
 His eye still guides us, and his voice
 Still animates our heart.

"Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,

"My church shall safe abide;

"For I will ne'er forsake my own,

"Whose souls in me confide."

Thro' ev'ry scene of life and death,

This promise is our trust;

And this shall be our children's song,

When we are cold in dust.

D.

XCI. *A Church seeking Direction from God, in
the Choice of a Pastor.* L. M.

SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear:
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

Thy comprehensive view surveys
Our wand'ring paths, our trackless ways;
Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

With longing eyes, behold, we wait
In suppliant crouds at mercy's gate;
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain:
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?

O Lord, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

Fed by his care, our tongues shall raise
A chearful tribute to thy praise;
Our children learn the grateful song,
And their's the chearful notes prolong.

D.

XCII. *At the Ordination, or Settlement of a Minister.* L. M.

SHEPHERD of *Israel*, thou dost keep
With constant care thy humble sheep;
By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

To all thy churches such impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to *Zion's* pastures tread.

Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise. D.

XCIII. *Another.* C. M.

LET *Zion's* watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

They watch for souls, for which the Lord
 Did heav'nly bliss forego;
 For souls, which must for ever live
 In raptures, or in woe.

All to the great tribunal haste,
 Th' account to render there;
 And should'st thou strictly mark our faults,
 Lord, how should we appear?

May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
 Their ~~own~~ Redeemer see;
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for thee. D.

See Psalm 48th, and 132d.—Hymn 10th, and
 128th, B. 1. and 138th, B. 2. Dr. Watts.

XCIV. *Prayer for Ministers.* C. M.

CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
 From death and sin set free,
 May ev'ry under-shepherd keep
 His eye intent on thee!

With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,
 To execute thy will;
 Compassion, patience, love and care,
 And faithfulness and skill.

Inflame their minds with holy zeal,
 Their flocks to feed and teach;
 And let them live, and let them feel,
 The sacred truths they preach. N.

XCV. *Another.* L. M.

WITH heav'nly pow'r, O Lord, defend
 Him, whom we now to thee com-
 mend;

Thy faithful messenger secure,
And make him to the end endure.

Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And bend him to obey thy will.

Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart,
In him thy mighty pow'r exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

XCVI. On Opening a new Place of Worship!
L. M.

AND will the great eternal God,
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his heav'nly throne
Avow our temples for his own?

We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou descending fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While pow'r divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crouds were born to glory here. D.

XCVII. *Another.* C. M.

DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,
 Thy presence now display;
 As thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
 So give us hearts to pray.

And may the gospel's joyful sound,
 Enforc'd by mighty grace,
 Awaken many sinners round,
 To come and fill the place.

Within these walls, let holy peace,
 And love, and concord dwell;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.

Shew us some token of thy love,
 Our fainting hope to raise;
 And pour thy blessing from above,
 That we may render praise. N.

See Dr. *Watts*, Psalm 87th, and 132d, C. M.

XCVIII. *Support in God's Covenant under domestic Troubles,* 2 Sam. xxiii. 5. C. M.

MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
 Abides for ever sure,
 And in its matchless grace I feel
 My happiness secure.

What tho' my house be not with thee,
 As nature could desire,
 To nobler joys, than nature gives,
 Thy servants all aspire.

Since thou, the everlasting God,
 My father art become;

Jesus, my guardian, and my friend,
 And heav'n my final home ;
 I welcome all thy sov'reign will ;
 For all that will is love :
 And, when I know not what thou dost,
 I wait the light above.

Thy cov'nant, in the darkest gloom,
 Shall heav'nly rays impart ;
 Which, when my eye-lids close in death,
 Shall warm my chilling heart. D.

XCIX. *On the Death of a dear Relation, or
 Friend. C. M.*

PEACE! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,
 That blasts our joys in death ;
 Changes the visage once so dear,
 And gathers back the breath.

'Tis He, the potentate supreme
 Of all the worlds above,
 Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
 Nor from their purpose move.

'Tis He, whose justice might demand
 Our souls a sacrifice ;
 Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
 A thousand rich supplies.

Our cov'nant God, and Father He,
 In Christ our bleeding Lord ;
 Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
 With one reviving word.

Fair garlands of immortal bliss
 He weaves for ev'ry brow ;
 And shall tumultuous passions rise,
 If he correct us now ?

Silent I own Jehovah's name;
 I kiss thy scourging hand,
 And yield my comforts, and my life,
 To thy supreme command.

C. *Nativity of Christ.* Sevens.

HARK! the herald-angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King;
 "Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 "God and sinners reconcil'd."
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumphs of the skies;
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in *Bethlehem*."

Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb:
 Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see,
 Hail th' incarnate Deity!
 Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
 Jesus, our Emmanuel, here.

Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of peace!
 Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings:
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born, that man no more may die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home;
 Rise, the Woman's conqu'ring seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head:

*Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place ;
Second Adam from above,
Re-instate us in thy love.*

W—Y.

CI. *Another.* P. M.

COME, thou long expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee!
*Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art ;
Dear Desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart !*

Born thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King!
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring!
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

CII. *Christ's Death and Resurrection.* L. M.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! *Salem's* daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!
Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!

But lo! what sudden joys we see!
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!
 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)
 Angelic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!
 Break off your tears, ye saints! and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns!
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains!
 Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster—"Where's thy sting?"
 "And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

W.

CIII. *Resurrection of Christ.* Sevens.

CHRISt the Lord is ris'n to-day!
 Sons of men, and angels say:
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply:
 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
 Lo! he sets in blood no more!
 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ hath open'd Paradise.
 Lives again our glorious King;
 Where, O death, is now thy sting!
 Once he dy'd our souls to save;
 Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave!

Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Foll'wing our exalted head :
 Made like him, like him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

What tho' once we perish'd all,
 Partners of our parent's fall ;
 Second life, we now receive,
 In our heav'nly *Adam* live.

Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n !
 Praise to thee, by both be giv'n !
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail ! the RESURRECTION—THOU !

King of glory ! Soul of bliss !
 Everlasting life is this :
 Thee to know—thy pow'r to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

CIV. *Ascension of Christ.* *Sevens.*

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !
 Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n,
 Re-ascends his native heav'n.

There the pompous triumph waits,
 Lift your heads, eternal gates !
 Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 Take the King of glory in !

Him, tho' highest heav'n receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
 Tho' returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own :

Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his death he pleads ;

Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

Master (may we ever say)
Taken from our head to-day ;
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee !

Grant, tho' parted from our fight,
High above yon azure height !
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love ;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home :

There with thee we shall remain
Partners of thine endless reign ;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'n in thee.

CV. *Another.* P. M.

FROM heav'n, the loud, th' angelic song
began ;

It shook the skies, and reach'd astonish'd
man :

By man re-echo'd, it shall mount again,
Whilst fragrant odours fill the blissful plain.

L. M.

Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth or heav'n the Lord of all ;
Ye princes, rulers, powers, obey,
And low before his footstool fall.

The deed was done; the Lamb was slain;
 The groaning earth the burden bore:—
 He rose; He lives; He lives to reign,
 Nor time shall shake his endless pow'r.

Riches, and all that decks the great,
 From worlds unnumber'd hither bring;
 The tribute pour before his seat,
 And hail the triumphs of our King!

Wisdom and strength are his alone;
 He rais'd the top-stone, shouting "Grace!"
 Honour has built his lofty throne,
 And glory shines upon his face.

From heav'n, from earth, loud bursts of praise
 The mighty blessings shall proclaim;
 Blessings that earth to glory raise,
 The purchase of the wounded Lamb.

Higher! still higher, swell the strain;
 Creation's voice the note prolong!
 The Lamb shall ever, ever reign:
 Let Hallelujah crown the song!

Hallelujah!

CVI. *The same.* Psalm xxiv. 7. L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high,
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay;
 Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors give way.

Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the heav'nly scene;

He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.

Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame:
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And *Jesus* is the conqu'ror's name.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, of glorious pow'r posselt;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever blest!

CVII. *Descent of the Spirit.* Sevens.

GRANTED is the Saviour's pray'r,
Now descends the Comforter;
Promise of our parting Lord,
Jesus to his heav'n restor'd.

Come, divine and peaceful guest,
Enter our devoted breast;
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel-fire.

Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle and Lord of life;
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the gift and giver too!

Bid our sin and sorrow cease,
Fill us with thine heav'nly peace;
Joy divine we then shall prove,
Light of truth, and fire of love.

CVIII. *A Funeral Hymn.* P. M.

SONS of God by blest adoption,
 View the dead with steady eyes;
 What is sown thus in corruption,
 Shall in incorruption rise.
 What is sown in death's dishonour,
 Shall revive to glory's light:
 What is sown in this weak manner,
 Shall be rais'd in matchless might.
 Earthly cavern, to thy keeping
 We commit our *brother's* dust;
 Keep it safely softly sleeping,
 Till our Lord demand thy trust.
 Sweetly sleep, dear saint, in Jesus;
 Thou with us shalt wake from death:
 Hold he cannot, tho' he seize us;
 We his pow'r defy by faith.
 Jesus, thy rich consolations
 To thy mourning people send.
 May we all with faith and patience,
 Wait for our approaching end.
 Keep from courage vain or vaunted;
 For our change our hearts prepare;
 Give us confidence undaunted,
 Cheerful hope, and godly fear.

H.

CIX. *The Tolling Bell.* L. M.

OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
 Speaks the departure of a soul,
 Let each one ask himself, Am I
 Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?
 Only this frail and fleeting breath
 Preserves me from the jaws of death;

Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

Then leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

But could I bear to hear him say,
" Depart, accursed, far away,
" With Devils in the lowest hell
" Thou art for ever doom'd to dwell."

Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sins, and in me live.

Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

Rather my spirit would rejoice,
And wait impatient for thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heav'n, if thou art mine.

CX. *Praise to Christ.* P. M.

LET us *love*, and *sing*, and *wonder*,
Let us *praise* the Saviour's name!
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd Mount *Sinai's* flame;
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

Let us *love* the Lord who bought us,
Pity'd us when enemies;

Call'd us by his grace, and taught us;
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:

He has wash'd us with his blood,
He presents our souls to God.

Let us *sing*, tho' fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down;
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqu'ror's crown:

He who wash'd us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

Let us *wonder*, grace and justice
Join, and point to mercy's store:
When, thro' grace, in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles, and asks no more:

He, who wash'd us with his blood,
Has secur'd our way to God.

Let us *praise*, and join the chorus
Of his saints, enthron'd on high;
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky:

Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!

Yes, we praise thee, gracious Saviour;
Wonder, love, and bless thy name;
Pardon, Lord, our poor endeavour,
Pity, for thou know'st our frame:

Wash our souls and songs with blood,
For by thee we come to God. N.

CXI. *Another.* As the 104th Psalm.

OUR Shepherd alone,
The Lord, let us bless;
Who sits on the throne,
The Prince of our peace;

Who evermore saves us
 By shedding his blood;
 All hail, holy Jesus,
 Our Lord, and our God!

We daily will sing
 Thy merits and praise,
 Thou merciful spring
 Of pity and grace:
 Thy kindness for ever
 To men we will tell,
 And say our dear Saviour
 Redeems us from hell.

Preserve us in love
 While here we abide,
 Nor ever remove,
 Nor cover, nor hide
 Thy glorious salvation,
 Till joyful we see
 The beautiful vision
 Completed in thee!

CXII. *Another.* P. M.

GLORY to God on high:
 Let heav'n and earth reply,
 "Praise ye his name!"
 Angels his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 And saints cry, evermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

All they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name;

We, who have felt his blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad;
Worthy the Lamb!

Join all the ransom'd race
Our Lord and God to bless:

Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
Making a chearful noise;
And shout, with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

Tho' we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease

Praising his name:
To him we'll tribute bring;
Hail him our gracious King;
And, without ceasing, sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

CXIII. *Psalm 100.* L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move. w.

CXIV. *Another.* P. M.

COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace !
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise :
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love !

Here I raise my *Eben-ezer* ;
 Hither, by thy help, I'm come ;
 And I trust, thro' thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home :
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.

O, to grace, how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee :
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love :
 Here's my heart—O take and seal it !
 Seal it from thy courts above.

CXV. *Another.* C. M.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
 How high thy wonders rise!
 Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousand thro' the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
 Their motions speak thy skill;
 And on the wings of ev'ry hour
 We read thy patience still.

But when we view thy great design,
 To save rebellious worms;
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms:

Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess,
 Which of the glories brightest shone,
 The *Justice*, or the *Grace*.

Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heav'nly plains,
 Bright angels learn Emmanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song;
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue. w.

CXVI. *Christ precious.* C. M.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear;
 Fain wou'd I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heav'n might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport, and my trust;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is fordid dust.

All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
 In thee most richly meet;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

O may thy grace still chear my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there!
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honours of thy name
 With my last lab'ring breath;
 When speechless, clasp thee in my arms;
 My joy in life and death! D.

CXVII. *The same.* C. M.

THE Saviour! O what endless charms
 Dwell in the blissful sound!
 Its influence ev'ry fear disarms, *each*
 And spreads sweet comfort round.

Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
 In rich effusion flow,
 For guilty rebels lost in sin,
 And doom'd to endless woe.

Th' Almighty Former of the skies
 Stoop'd to our vile abode;
 While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
 And hail'd th' incarnate God.

O the rich depths of love divine!
 Of bliss, a boundless store!

Dear Saviour, let me call thee *mine*;
I cannot wish for more!

On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

T.

CXVIII. *The same.* Sevens.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine!
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord!

Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God.

Sing we then in Jesu's name,
Now, as yesterday, the same;
One in ev'ry age and place,
Full of love, of truth, and grace.

Christ is now gone up on high,
(Thither may our wishes fly;)
Sits at God's right hand above,
There with him we reign in love. W—Y.

CXIX. *Invitation to Praise.* S. M.

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r!

Sing how he intercedes above,
 For those whose sins he bore.
 Sing till we feel our hearts
 Ascending with our tongues;
 Sing till the love of sin departs,
 And grace inspires our songs.
 Sing on your heav'nly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners sing!
 Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
 In Christ th' eternal King!
 Soon shall we hear him say,
 "Ye blessed children come!"
 Soon will he call us hence away,
 And take his wand'ers home.
 There shall our raptur'd tongue
 His endless praise proclaim;
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of *Moses* and the Lamb. H—B.

CXX. *Adoring Christ.* Sevens.

B Rethren, let us join to bless
 Jesus Christ, our joy and peace!
 Let our praise to him be giv'n,
 High at God's right hand in heav'n.
 Master, see! to thee we bow,
 Thou art Lord, and only thou;
 Thou the blessed virgin's feed,
 Glory of thy Church, and Head.
 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
 Thee we praise, our Priest and King:
 Worthy is thy name of praise,
 Full of glory, full of grace.

Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy church! and we
Worship in their company.

We thy little flock adore
Thee the Lord, for evermore!
Ever with us shew thy love,
'Till we join with those above.

CXXI. *Christ our Righteousness.* L. M.

JESUS, thy righteousness divine
Is all my glory, all my trust;
Nor will I fear, if that be mine,
While Jesus lives, and God is just.

My guilt, 'tis of a crimson dye!
And black as hell my various sin?
Yet—Jesu's blood can purify,
And wash my filthy nature clean.

Tho' ragged to my shame, or bare
My wretched soul's by nature found;
His righteousness he bids me wear,
And throws the noble mantle round.

Clad in this robe, how bright I shine!
Angels might envy such a dress;
Angels have not a robe like mine,
A robe like Jesu's righteousness. w—s.

CXXII. *Covenant-Mercy.* P. M.

A Debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant-mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with *thy* righteousness on,
My person and off'rings to bring:
The terrors of law, and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;

My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

The work, which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will compleat;
His promise is *yea* and *amen*,
And never was forfeited yet:

Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;

Imprest on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:

Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is giv'n;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorify'd spirits in heav'n.

T—Y.

CXXIII. *Salvation by Grace.* L. M. *mz*

SALVATION! O the rapt'rous sound!
For *Adam's* fallen, guilty race;
Come let us spread the news around,
For God hath sav'd us by his *grace*.

Among his saints shall we abide,
Among his sons obtain a place;
Elect, redeemed, sanctify'd,
And sav'd thro' faith alone, by *grace*.

O for the hour, when we within
His courts above, shall see his face!
From pain, from sorrow, and from sin
Compleatly sav'd, and sav'd by *grace*.

W—S.

CXXIV. *Review of Mercies.* C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

[Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redrest;
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.]

[Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.]

[When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran;
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.]

[When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face:
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.]

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.

Thro' all eternity, to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 But O! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

CXXV. *It is finished.* P. M.

'*T*IS *finish'd*, the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying head ;
Whilst we this sentence scan,
Come, sinners, and observe the word,
Behold the conquests of the Lord
Compleat for helpless man.

Finish'd the righteousness of grace ;
Finish'd for sinners, pardoning peace ;
Their mighty debt is paid :
Accusing law cancell'd by blood,
And wrath of an offended God,
In sweet oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second claim ?
The law no longer can condemn ;
Faith, a release can shew :
Justice itself a friend appears,
The prison-house a whisper hears,
" Loose him, and let him go."

O unbelief, injurious bar !
Source of tormenting, fruitless fear,
Why dost thou yet reply ?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
'*Tis finish'd*, still may answer all,
And silence ev'ry cry.

His toil divinely finish'd stands,
But ah ! the praise his work demands,
Careful may we attend !
Conclusion to our souls be this,
Because salvation finish'd is,
Our thanks shall never end.

CXXVI. *The same.* P. M.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from *Calvary*!
 See!—it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!

It is finish'd!

Hear the dying Saviour cry!

It is finish'd! O what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford!
 Heav'nly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord!

It is finish'd!

Saints, the dying words record.

Finish'd, all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law!

Finish'd, all that God had promis'd:
 Death and hell no more shall awe.

It is finish'd!

Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

[Happy souls, approach the table,
 Taste the soul-reviving food!
 Nothing half so sweet and pleasant,
 As the Saviour's flesh and blood.]

It is finish'd!

Christ has borne the heavy load.]

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme:
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Emmanuel's name!

Hallelujah!

Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

CXXVII. *The Desire of all Nations.* C. M.

COME, dear Desire of Nations, come
 And aid our feeble tongues;
 While we thy worthy praise attempt,
 In our unworthy songs.

By faith we see, and we adore
 Thy grace, thy pow'r, and love;
 And, sweetly drawn from sense and sin,
 To thee, our spirits move.

Yes, Jesus, thou art our desire,
 In thee our wishes meet;
 Nor can the whole creation's round
 Afford a name so sweet.

Let carnal minds for pleasure strive,
 And after wealth aspire,
 Our choice is made, our hearts are fix'd,
 For Christ is our desire.

Pity the nations, dearest Lord,
 Where thou art yet unknown;
 Be *their* desire as well as our's,
 And make the world thine own. B.

CXXVIII. *The Lord our Righteousness.* L. M.

JESU, thy BLOOD and RIGHTEOUSNESS,
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of death I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies;
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,
 "Jesus hath LIV'D, hath DY'D for me."

Bold shall I stand in that great day ;
 For who ought to my charge shall lay ?
 Fully, thro' these, absolv'd I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame

Thus *Abraham*, the friend of God,
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,
 Saviour of sinners thee proclaim ;
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

This spotless robe the same appears,
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
 No age can change its glorious hue,
 The grace of Christ is ever new.

O let the dead now hear thy voice,
 Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice !
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 JESUS THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS !

W—Y.

CXXIX. *Christ the great Melchisedec.* C. M.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb !

We love to hear of thee ;
 No music like thy charming name,
 Ne'er half so sweet can be :

O may we ever hear thy voice,
 In mercy to us speak,
 And in our Priest will we rejoice,
 Thou great MELCHISEDEC !

Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay ;
 We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
 When all things else decay.
 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all his favour'd throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be our song. C—K.

CXXX. *Looking to Christ.* P. M.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.

Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood ;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Love I much, I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace !

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go !
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

CXXXI. *Gratitude.* L. M.

LORD, when my thoughts, delighted,
rove
Amid the wonders of thy love ;
The sight revives my drooping heart,
And bids invading fears depart.

Guilty and weak, to thee I fly,
 On thy atoning blood rely,
 And on thy righteousness depend;
 My Lord, my Saviour, and my friend.

Be all my heart, be all my days
 Devoted to thy single praise!
 And let my glad obedience prove
 How much I owe, how much I love.

CXXXII. *Grace.* S. M.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear!
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd a way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps, *that* grace display,
 Which drew the wond'rous plan.

['Twas grace that wrote my name
 In thy eternal book:
 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
 Who all my sorrows took.]

Grace taught my roving feet
 To tread the heav'nly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

[Grace taught my soul to pray,
 And made my eyes o'erflow:
 'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
 And will not let me go.]

Grace all the work shall crown,
 Thro' everlasting days;
 It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

CXXXIII. *Power of Christ.* C. M.

O For a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise !
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the pris'ners free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;
 His blood avail'd for me.

He speaks, and, list'ning to his voice,
 New life the dead receive :
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
 The humble poor believe.

Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosen'd tongues employ :
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

CXXXIV. *Commit thy way unto the Lord, &c.*
P. M.

COME, my soul, before the Lamb,
 Fall and do him rev'rence ;
 Bless him for his blood and name,
 Sing his great deliv'rance.

Why should sorrow bow thee down,
 Trials or temptation !

Is not Christ upon the throne
 Still thy strong salvation ?

Cast thy burdens on the Lord,
 Leave them with thy Saviour;
 He (whose hands for thee were bor'd)
 Can and will deliver.

Turn thee to thy rest, my soul,
 Turn thee and discover
 How he yet is merciful;
 Turn thee to thy Lover.

Blush that thou hast him forgot,
 Who can happy make thee;
 Gaze upon him who thee bought,
 Till to heav'n he takes thee. C—K.

CXXXV. *Converting Grace.* P. M.

WHEN, with my mind devoutly prest,
 Dear Saviour, my revolving breast
 Wou'd past offences trace,
 Trembling I make the black review;
 Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
 The pow'r of changing grace!

This *Tongue*, with blasphemies defil'd,
 These *Feet*, to erring paths beguil'd,
 In heav'nly league agree;
 Who could believe such *Lips* could praise,
 Or think my dark and winding *Ways*
 Should ever lead to thee?

These *Eyes*, that once abus'd their sight,
 Now list to thee their wat'ry light,
 And weep a silent flood.
 These *Hands* ascend in ceaseless pray'r;
 O wash away the stains they wear,
 In pure redeeming blood!

These *Ears*, that pleas'd could entertain
 The midnight bath, the lustful strain,
 When round the festal board;
 Now, deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
 Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
 And press to hear thy word.

Thus art thou serv'd in every part;
 And now thou dost transform my *Heart*,
 That drossy thing refine:
 Now grace doth nature's strength controul,
 And a new creature—body—soul,
 Are, Lord, for ever thine!

CXXXVI. *Love of Christ.* C. M.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
 Awake the sacred song!
 O may his love (immortal flame!)
 Tune ev'ry heart and tongue!
 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
 What mortal tongue display!
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.
 Let wonder still with love unite,
 And gratitude and joy;
 Jesus be our supreme delight,
 His praise our best employ.
 Jesus, who left his throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came to earth to bleed and die:—
 Was ever love like this!
 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to thee;

May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
 "The Saviour dy'd for me!"

O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
 Fill ev'ry heart and tongue!
 Till strangers love thy charming name,
 And join the sacred song. T.

CXXXVII. *New-Year's Day.* P. M.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise!
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days!
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year!
 Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground;
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found;
 Yet did he us in mercy spare
 Another, and another year.
 When justice bare'd the sword,
 To cut the fig-tree down,
 The pity of our Lord
 Cry'd—"Let it still alone!"
 The Father mild, inclin'd his ear,
 And spar'd us yet another year.
 Jesus, thy speaking blood,
 From God obtain'd the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space:
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And lo! we see another year.
 Then dig about our root,
 Break up our fallow ground,

And let our gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound.
 O let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear !

CXXXVIII. *Another.* C. M.

AND now, my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is past ;
 I cannot long continue here,
 And this may be my last.
 Much of my dubious life is gone,
 Nor will return again ;
 And swift my passing moments run,
 The few that yet remain.
 Awake, my soul ! with utmost care,
 Thy true condition learn ;
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
 And what thy great concern.
 Now a new scene of time begins,
 Set out afresh for heav'n ;
 Seek pardon for thy former sins,
 In Christ so freely giv'n.
 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend ;
 With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

CXXXIX. *Christ All in All.* P. M.

LAMB of God ! we fall before thee,
 Humbly trusting in thy cross :
 That alone be all our glory,
 All things else are dung and dross.

Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
 Only source of all that's good :
 Ev'ry grace, and ev'ry favour,
 Come to us thro' Jesu's blood.

Jesu gives us true repentance
 By his Spirit sent from heav'n ;
 Jesu whispers this sweet sentence,
 " Son ! thy sins are all forgiv'n."
 Faith he gives us to believe it ;
 Grateful hearts his love to prize.
 Want we wisdom ? he must give it ;
 Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

Jesu gives us pure affections,
 Wills to do what he requires ;
 Makes us follow his directions,
 And what he commands, inspires.
 All our pray'rs, and all our praises,
 Rightly offer'd in his name,
 He that dictates them is Jesu ;
 He that answers, is the same.

When we live on Jesu's merit,
 Then we worship God aright :
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Then we sayingly unite.
 This the whole conclusion of it,
 Great or good whate'er we call ;
 God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,
 JESUS CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL. H.

CXL. *The same.* P. M.

HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,
 I'd cleave to Jesu crucify'd,
 And build on him alone :

For no foundation is there giv'n,
On which I'd place my hopes of heav'n,
But Christ the corner-stone.

Possessing Christ, I all possess;
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,
And sanctity compleat.

Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh,
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And all his justice meet.

CXLI. *A Glimpse of Glory.* P. M.

AWAY with our sorrow and fear!
Believers will soon be at home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come:
From earth we shall quickly remove,
Fly up to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.
Ah! who upon earth can conceive
The bliss that in heaven they share?
And who this dark world would not leave,
And chearfully die to be there?
Where Christ is our light and our sun,
And we by reflection shall shine;
With him everlastingly One,
And bright in effulgence divine!
'Tis good at thy word to be here;
'Tis better in Thee to be gone;
And see Thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share of thy throne:
The tears shall be wip'd from our eyes,
When Thee we behold in the cloud;
And echo the joys of the skies,
And shout to the trumpet of God.

CXLII. *An Evening Hymn.* C. M.

NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
 Let flames of love arise ;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.

Awake our love, awake our joy,
 Awake our heart and tongue :
 Sleep not when mercies loudly call,
 Break forth into a song.

Minutes and mercies multiply'd,
 Have made up all this day ;
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were
 More fleet, and free than they.

New time, new favour, and new joys,
 Do a new song require ;
 Till we shall praise thee as we would,
 Accept our heart's desire.

Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
 New time upon our score ;
 Thee may we praise for all our time,
 When time shall be no more. m.

CXLIII. *Another.* C. M.

JESUS, the all-atoning Lamb,
 Lover of lost mankind ;
 Salvation in whose only name
 A sinful world can find :

We ask thy grace to make us clean ;
 We come to thee our God :
 Open, O Lord, for this day's sin,
 The fountain of thy blood.

Hither our spotted souls be brought,
 And ev'ry idle word,
 And ev'ry work, and ev'ry thought,
 That hath not pleas'd our Lord.

Hither our actions, righteous deem'd
 By man, and counted good,
 As filthy rags by God esteem'd,
 Till sprinkled by thy blood.

To us then, O vouchsafe thy pow'r,
 For pardon still to flee;
 And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour
 To wash ourselves in thee. W—Y.

CXLIV. *Another.* Sevens.

OMNIPRESENT Lord, whose aid
 No one ever sought in vain,
 Be this night about my bed,
 Ev'ry evil thought restrain;
 Lay thy hand upon my soul,
 Guard of my unguarded hours;
 All my enemies controul,
 Hell, and earth, and nature's pow'rs.

Unto thee for help I seek,
 Perfect, Lord, thy strength in me;
 I am strong when I am weak,
 Weak myself, but strong in thee.
 Let not evil enter in,
 Ev'ry wicked thought avert;
 Stop the avenues of sin,
 Keep the issues of my heart.

O, thou jealous God, come down,
 God of spotless purity!
 Claim and seize me for thine own,
 Consecrate my heart to thee.

Under thy protection take,
 Songs in the night-season give;
 Let me sleep to thee, and wake;
 Let me die to thee, and live.

CXLV. *A Chamber Hymn.* P. M.

WHAT tho' my frail eye-lids refuse
 Continual watching to keep,
 And, punctual as midnight renews,
 Demand the refreshment of sleep:
 A sov'reign Protector I have,
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand:
 Unchangeably faithful to save,
 Almighty to rule and command.
 [From evil secure, and its dread,
 I rest, if my Saviour is nigh;
 And songs his kind presence indeed
 Shall in the night-season supply:
 He smiles, and my comforts abound;
 His grace as the dew shall descend;
 And walls of salvation surround
 The soul he delights to defend.
 Kind author and ground of my hope,
 Thee, Thee, for my God I avow;
 My glad *Eben-exer* set up,
 And own thou hast help'd me till now.
 I muse on the years that are past,
 Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd;
 Nor wilt thou relinquish at last,
 A sinner so signally lov'd.]
 Inspirer and Hearer of pray'r,
 Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine,
 My all, to thy covenant-care,
 I, sleeping and waking, resign:

If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

Thy ministr'ring spirits descend,
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep:
Bright seraphs, dispatch'd from the throne,
Repair to their stations assign'd;
And angels elect, are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

Thy worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chaunt to the praise of my King:
I too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine. T—Y.

CXLVI. *Sabbath Evening.* C. M.

WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene?
Blest in perpetual Sabbath-day,
Without a veil between.

Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

Release my soul from ev'ry chain,
No more hell's captive led,

And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled !

Spare me, my God ! O spare the soul,
That gives itself to thee !
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.

Thy Spirit, O my Father ! give,
To be my guide and friend ;
To light my way to ceaseless joys,
Where Sabbaths never end.

CXLVII. *Another.* C. M.

WELCOME and precious to my soul,
Are these sweet days of love ;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep,
When I shall rest above !

I come, I wait, I hear, I pray ;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace ;
I sing to think this is the way
To my dear Saviour's face.

These are my preparation-days ;
And when my soul is drest,
These Sabbaths shall deliver me,
To my eternal rest.

M.

CXLVIII. *The Fountain opened, Zech.*
xiii. 1. C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from EMMANUEL's veins ;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day ;

And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my stains away.

Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply;
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

[Then in a nobler sweeter song
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy tho' I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung and tun'd, for endless years,
And form'd by pow'r divine;
To sound, in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.] c.

CXLIX. *The God of Abraham.* P. M.

THE God of *Abraham* praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Antient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heav'n confess'd,
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.

The God of *Abraham* praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand.

I'd all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.

The God of *Abraham* praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways;

He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Thro' Jesu's blood.

He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on eagles' wings up-borne,
To heav'n ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore;
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore!

CL. *Part the Second.* P. M.

THE goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace.

On *Sion's* sacred height
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious, with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

Before the Saviour's face
The ransom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
For ever new.

He shews his prints of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound thro' all the worlds above,
"The slaughter'd Lamb."

The whole triumphant host X
Give thanks to God on high:
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry.

Hail, *Abraham's* God, and *mine*—
I join the heav'nly lays:
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise. o.

CLI. *Privileges of Saints.* Sevens.

BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own
They are ransom'd from the grave, [blood:
Life eternal they shall have.

God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe.

They are justify'd by grace,
 They enjoy a solid peace;
 All their sins are wash'd away,
 They shall stand in God's great day.

They produce the fruits of grace,
 In the works of righteousness;
 They are harmless, meek, and mild,
 Holy, humble, undefil'd.

[They are lights upon the earth,
 Children of an heav'nly birth;
 Born of God, they hate all sin,
 God's pure seed remains within.]

They have fellowship with God,
 Thro' the Mediator's blood;
 One with God, with Jesus one,
 Glory is in them begun.

[Tho' they suffer much on earth,
 Strangers quite to this world's mirth;
 Yet they have an inward joy,
 Pleasure which can never cloy.]

They alone are truly blest,
 Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ;
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here and in eternity! c—k.

CLII. *Mercy.* P. M.

O Love! thou bottomless abyss!
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee:
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 From condemnation I am free:
 Whilst Jesu's blood, thro' earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless Mercy! cries.

By FAITH, I plunge me in that sea ;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 Hither, when hell assaults, I flee :
 I look into my Saviour's breast :
 Away, sad doubts, and anxious fear—
 " MERCY"—is all that's written there.

Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head ;
 Tho' strength, and health, and friends be
 gone ;
 Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead ;
 Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn ;
 Stedfast on this my soul relies,
 Father—*thy MERCY never dies.*

Fix'd on this ground would I remain,
 Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay,
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away :
 MERCY's full pow'r I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting love !

CLIII. *Rejoicing in Hope.* Sevens.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways !

Ye are trav'ling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod :
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye banish'd seed, be glad !
 Christ our advocate is made ;
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.

Shout ye little flock, and blest,
 You on Jesu's throne shall rest;
 There your seat is now prepar'd,
 There your kingdom, and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land;
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord, obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

CLIV. *The Name of Jesus.* Song i. 3. C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
 My shield, and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;

But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

'Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

N.

CLV. *Jesus precious.* As the 148th Psalm. 2/1

LET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind!
T'adore the great atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of *Jesu's* name!

Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heav'n;
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n,
By which we can salvation have;
But *Jesus* came the world to save.

Jesus, harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to see our *Jesu's* face.

His name the sinner hears,
And is from guilt set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy. w—y.

CLVI. *The same.* C. M.

I'VE found the Pearl of greatest price,
 My heart doth sing for joy;
 And sing I must, a Christ I have,
 O what a Christ have I!

My Christ, he is the Lord of Lords,
 He is the King of Kings;
 He is the Sun of Righteousness,
 With healing in his wings.

Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
 My physic, and my health;
 My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
 My glory, and my wealth.

Christ is my Father, and my Friend,
 My Brother, and my Love;
 My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
 My Advocate above.

My Christ he is the Heav'n of Heav'n,
 My Christ what shall I call?
 My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
 My Christ is all in all. M.

CLVII. *Rejoice evermore.* As the 104th.

REJOICE evermore with angels above,
 In Jesus's pow'r, in Jesus's love;
 With glad exultation your triumph proclaim,
 Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.
 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast been,
 Hast sav'd us from grief, hast sav'd us from sin;
 The pow'r of thy Spirit hath set our hearts free,
 And now we inherit all fulness in thee.

All fulness of peace, all fulness of joy,
 And spiritual bliss, that never can cloy;
 To us it is given, in Jesus to know,
 A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.
 No longer we join where sinners invite,
 Nor envy the swine their brutish delight;
 Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all vain,
 Their laughter is madness, their pleasure is pain!

O might they at last with sorrow return,
 The pleasures to taste, for which they were
 born;
 Our Jesus receiving, our happiness prove,
 The joy of believing, the heaven of love.

CLVIII. *Another.* As the 104th Psalm.

O What shall I do my Saviour to praise;
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in
 grace;

So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
 The weakest believer that hangs upon him.

How happy the man whose heart is set free,
 The people that can be joyful in thee!

Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
 And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

Their daily delight shall be in thy name;
 They shall, as their right, thy righteousness
 claim;

Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by
 thy blood,

Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

For thou art their boast, their glory and pow'r;
 And I also trust to see the glad hour;

My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.

Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own;
Thy mercy to me shall soon be made known:
For sorrow and sadness, I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

~12 CLIX. *Preserving Grace.* Sevens.

LORD, and am I yet alive?
Not in torments, not in hell!
Still doth thy good Spirit strive!
With the chief of sinners dwell!
Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love despair;
Still in spite of sin I rise,
Still to call thee mine I dare.

O the length and breadth of love!
Jesu, Saviour, can it be?
All thy mercy's height I prove,
All the depth is seen in me.
O the miracles of grace!
Tell it out, to sinners tell!
Men, and fiends, and angels gaze,
I am, I am out of hell!

Turn aside, a sight t' admire,
I the living wonder am!
See a bush, that burns with fire,
Unconsum'd amidst the flame!
See a stone that hangs in air!
See a spark in oceans dwell!
Kept alive with death so near,
I am, I am out of hell!

CLX. *Mercy celebrated.* P. M.

THY Mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my
tongue :

Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Has won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here ;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair :
But, thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.

When'er I mistake, thy kind mercy begins
To melt me, and then I can mourn for my sins ;
And, led by thy Spirit to Jesus's blood,
My sorrows are dry'd, and my strength is renew'd.

Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart ;
Dissolv'd by thy sun-shine, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

Thy mercy is endless, most tender, and free ;
No sinner need doubt, since 'tis given to me :
No merit will buy it, nor fears stop its course ;
Good works are the fruits of its freeness and force.

Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell ;
Of thy mercy I'll sing, of thy mercy I'll tell :
'Twas Jesus my friend, when he hung on the tree,
That open'd the channel of mercy for me.

Great Father of Mercies, thy goodness I own,
And the covenant-love of thy crucify'd Son :
All praise to the Spirit, whose witness divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness, *mine*.

CLXI. *The Kingdom of Christ.* P. M.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
 Your God and King adore;
 Mortals give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph evermore!
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice!

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love;
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above:
 Lift up your heart, &c.

His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n:
 Lift up your heart, &c.

He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet:
 Lift up your heart, &c.

Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home!
 We soon shall hear th' Archangel's voice;
 The trump of God shall sound, *Rejoice!* M. C.

CLXII. *King Jesus adored.* As the 104th.

YE servants of God, your Master pro-
 claim,
 And publish abroad his wonderful name:

The name all-victorious, of Jesus extol;
 His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all!
 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
 Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
 Our Jesus's praises, the angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces, and worship the
 Lamb.

Then let us adore, and give him his right;
 All glory and pow'r, and wisdom and might;
 All honour and blessing, with angels above,
 And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite love.

CLXIII. *Another.* As the 104th.

HOW glorious the Lamb is seen on the
 throne!

His labours are o'er, his conquests are won:
 A kingdom is given, into the Lamb's hand,
 In earth and in heav'n, for ever to stand.

Ye sinners below, then trust in the Lord;
 Look up to his arm, his honour, his word;
 Athirst for his favour, his Godhead adore,
 Look up to your Saviour, and joy evermore!

CLXIV. *The wounded Lamb.* L. M.

O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God!
 Come, wash us in thy cleansing blood;
 Give us to know thy love, then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take our poor hearts, and let them be
 For ever clos'd to all but thee;
 Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
 That pledge of love for ever there.

How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou should'st man to glory bring!
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown!

Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!

First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow;
Help us to thee, our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

CLXV. *Grace reigns.* C. M.

RICH grace, free grace, most sweetly
Directly come who will; [calls,
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still.

'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls;
Grace keeps us inly poor;
And, O! that nothing else but grace
May rule for evermore!

CLXVI. *Christ our Sanctuary.* L. M.

GO, you that rest upon the law,
And madly seek salvation there:

Look to the flames that *Moses* saw!
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

But I'll retire beneath the cross;
Saviour, at *thy* dear feet I lie:
And the keen sword that Justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

After Sermon.

CLXVII. *Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.*
P. M.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, join'd with pow'r:

He is able, &c.
He is willing; doubt no more.

Ho! ye needy, come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify:

True belief, and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,
Without money, &c.

Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

[Let not conscience make you linger;

Nor of *fitness* fondly dream:

All the fitness he requireth,
Is, to feel your need of him;

This he gives you, &c.

'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.]

[Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;

If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

Not the righteous, &c.

Sinners Jesus came to call.]

[Agonizing in the garden,

Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;

On the bloody tree behold him :

Hear him cry, before he dies,

" It is finish'd," &c.

Sinner, will not this suffice ?]

Lo ! th' incarnate God, ascended,

Pleads the merit of his blood.

Venture on him, venture wholly ;

Let no other trust intrude.

None but Jesus, &c.

Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels join'd in concert,

Sing the praises of the Lamb ;

While the blissful seats of heaven

Sweetly echo with his name.

Hallelujah ! &c.

Sinners here may sing the same.

H.

CLXVIII. *There is Room.* C. M.

THE King of Heav'n his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board ;

Not paradise, with all its joys,

Could such delight afford.

Pardon and peace to dying men,

And endless life are giv'n ;

And the rich blood that Jesus shed,

To raise the soul to heav'n.

Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd

In sin's dark mazes, come :

Come from the hedges and highways,

And grace shall find you room.

Millions of souls in glory now,

Were fed and feasted here ;

And millions more, still on the way,

Around the board appear.

Yet is his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come ;
 Nor could the wide assembled world
 O'er-fill the spacious room.

All things are ready ; come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame ;
 Croud to your places at the feast,
 And bless the Founder's name.

D.

CLXIX. *The same.* As the 148th.

YE dying sons of men,
 Immerg'd in sin and woe,
 The gospel's voice attend,
 Which Jesus sends to you :
 Ye perishing and guilty, come,
 In Jesu's arms there yet is room.

No longer now delay,
 Nor vain excuses frame ;
 He bids you come to-day,
 Tho' poor, and blind, and lame :
 All things are ready, sinner, come,
 For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.

Believe the heav'nly word
 His messengers proclaim ;
 He is a gracious Lord,
 And faithful is his name :
 Backsliding souls, return and come,
 Cast off despair, there yet is room.

Compell'd by bleeding love,
 Ye wand'ring sheep draw near,
 Christ calls you from above,
 His charming accents hear !
 Let whosoever will, now come :
 In mercy's breast there yet is room. B—N.

CLXX. *Prayer for a Blessing.* S. M.

WITH heart and lips unfeign'd,
We praise thee for thy word;
We bless thee for the joyful news
Of our redeeming Lord.

[Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heav'n,
But cheers, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas giv'n :

So let thy present voice
Accomplish thy design ;
Distil on all our thirsty souls,
And consecrate us thine.]

Water thy sacred seed,
And give it great increase ;
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.

Then, tho' we weeping sow,
And tears our hours employ :
We know we shall return again,
And bring our sheaves with joy.

CLXXI. *Another.* P. M.

O Jesu, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd, [word.
For all the rich blessings convey'd by thy
In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad,
The language of mercy—salvation thro'
blood.

Thrice happy are they
 Who hear and obey,
 And share in the blessings of this gospel-day.
 The people who know
 The Saviour below,
 With burning affection to worship him glow.
 This blessing be mine,
 Thro' favour divine,
 But O, my Redeemer, the glory be thine !

CLXXII. *Peace, proposed and accepted.* L.M.

GOD, the offended God most high,
 Ambassadors to rebels sends ;
 His messengers his place supply,
 And Jesus begs us to be friends.

Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray ;
 Us, in the stead of God, intreat,
 To cast our arms, our sins away,
 And find forgiveness at his feet.

Our God in Christ, thine embassy,
 And proffer'd mercy, we embrace ;
 And gladly, reconcil'd to thee,
 Thy condescending mercy praise.

Poor debtors, by our Lord's request,
 A full acquittance we receive !
 And criminals, with pardon blest,
 We, at our Judge's instance live. w—y.

CLXXIII. *God alone magnified.* L. M.

JESUS, our God, our souls adore
 Thy saving love, thy saving pow'r ;

And, to our utmost stretch of thought,
Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.

Perish, each thought of human pride;
Let God alone be magnify'd;
His glory let the heav'ns resound,
Shouted from earth's remotest bound!

Saints, who his full salvation know,
Saints, who but taste it here below,
Join ev'ry angel's voice to raise
Harmonious and eternal praise. D.

CLXXIV. *Distinguishing Grace.* C. M.

AND why do our admiring eyes
These gospel-glories see?
And whence, may ev'ry heart reply,
Salvation sent to me?

And dost thou, Lord, my heart subdue,
And shew my sins forgiv'n;
And bear thy witness to my part
Amongst the heirs of heav'n?

Amazing love! arise my soul,
And sing the Saviour's name;
And while the great salvation lasts,
Its boundless grace proclaim. D.

CLXXV. *At Dismission.* P. M.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us, &c.
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound :
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound !
 Ever faithful, &c.

To the truth may we be found !
 So whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever, &c.
 Reign with Christ in endless day !

CLXXVI. *Another.* C. M.

LORD help us on thy word to feed :
 In peace dismiss us hence ;
 Be thou, in ev'ry time of need,
 Our refuge and defence.

We now desire to bless thy name,
 And in our hearts record,
 And with our thankful tongues proclaim
 The goodness of the Lord. H.

CLXXVII. *Another.* P. M.

THIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable Friend ;
 Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
 And neither knows measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come. H.

CLXXVIII. *Another.* L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

Tho' we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all—DEPART IN PEACE. H.

CLXXIX. *Another.* S. M.

ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies ev'ry heart,
Sing ev'ry tongue the same.

Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow;
Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practise what you know. H.

CLXXX. *Another.* C. M.

FATHER, before we hence depart,
Send thy good Spirit down:
Let him reside in ev'ry heart,
And bless the seed that's sown.

Thou fountain of eternal love!
Who gav'st thy Son to die;
O let thy Spirit from above,
Enlighten and apply!

CLXXXI. *Another.* As the 148th.

ON what has now been sown
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The pow'r is thine alone,
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou, alone, shalt have the praise. N.

CLXXXII. *Another.* As the 104th.

IF Jesus is yours, you have a true friend;
His goodness endures the same to the end.
Your tempers may vary, your comforts decline;
You cannot miscarry, your aid is divine.

CLXXXIII. *Another.* C. M.

COME, guilty souls, and flee away,
Like doves to Jesu's wounds;
This is the welcome gospel-day
Wherein free-grace abounds.

God lov'd the world, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath:
And Jesus says he'll cast out none
That comes to him by faith.

CLXXXIV. *Another.* Sevens.

THANKS, for mercies past, receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view.

Bless thy word to old and young,
Fill us with the Saviour's love;
And, when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

N.

CLXXXV. *Doxology.* P. M.

LIVE, our great God on high,
Eternally ador'd !
Who gave his only Son to die,
Our dearest Lord !
Worship, and praise, and pow'r
Ascribe we to the Lamb !
His finish'd work our souls adore,
And trust his name.

The blessed Spirit praise,
Who shews th' atoning blood,
Applies the Saviour's precious grace,
And leads to God.

We, with our friends above,
When time with us is o'er,
Shall triumph in redeeming-love,
For evermore.

CLXXXVI. *Another.* P. M.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above !
Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford. N.

CLXXXVII. *Another.* L. M.

PRaise God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THE END.

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